



Mr. Gray.

*Engr'd by M. Doughty,
from an Original Drawing*



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A

SOLILOQUY

On the EVE of a

LATE CORONATION.

B. J. May 1761
The Dean of Canterbury Church 1761
——— "Vivo, & Regno! simul, ista, Reliqui
" Quæ Vos, ad Cælum, effertis Clamore secundo."

HORAT.



L O N D O N :

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SOLIBOY

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THE GOROKHATON

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I.

WHILE Earth-bound Minds to, *earthly*, Things
Their *strange* Attention pay ;
Let me, on *Faith's* seraphic Wings,
Exalted ! hail the *King of Kings*,
Who *stamp* the coming Day.

II.

II.

Hush'd be each Sound that bids prepare
 This *Pageantry* of Woe! -
To learn myself, be all my Care;
 And, with the *Man*, the *Monarch* share---
 'Tis all I *live* to know!

III.

Wifely, did *Saul*! as, blest, I read
 What *sacred* Leaves relate;
 In the deep Forest *hide* his Head---
 Than chuse *Dominion*'s Steps to tread,
 Or walk the Paths of *State*!

IV.

IV.

Well did he know the Sun of Pow'r
 (With all his gaudiest Rays!)
 But suckles, at the *self-same* Hour,
Poison's rank Weed, as *Beauty's* Flow'r---
 Thus springs, with *Envy*, *Praise*!

V.

Sweet is the Rose's vernal Bloom,
 That decks the, varying, Ground!
 But, oh! beneath the rich Perfume
 Lurk *Thorns*--that, oft (in *Pleasure's* Room)
 The gath'ring Fingers wound!!

VI.

VI.

Each *Peasant* smells its Odor, bland,
 And plucks the, balmy, Store;
 But feels not (on his *rudder* Hand)
 Those fest'ring *Wounds*, which Kings withstand
 To gain the *equal* Flow'r---

VII.

Ah, hapless State! unknown to those
 Who view the *ermin'd* Side!
 That *Crown*, which decks Imperial Brows,
 Oft *galls* the Forehead of Repose,
 And checks the Hour of *Pride*.

VIII.

VIII.

Lord, what is *Man*? that Thou, we find,
 Regardest all his Ways---
 Little inferior (in his Mind)
 To those of the *Angelic* Kind,
 Thou crown'st him, still, with Praise.

IX.

And when, by Heav'n's sublime Decree,
 The *Sceptre* is bestow'd,
 Let such accept the Lot, like me;
 The Parent of their *Good* to be,
 Who mean to *walk with God*.

X.

X.

To wipe the Tear from *Sorrow's* Eye
 (For *Sorrow* weeps *her* Day)
 To raise dejected *Worth* on high,
 And stop the unavailing *Sigh*;
 Be this the *End* of *Sway*!

XI.

Who shields the *weak* One from the *Strong*,
 Who damps *Oppression's* Hour,
 Helps those to *Right* who suffer *Wrong*—
 To such, alone, may *Crowns* belong!
 Such only blest with *Power*!

XII.

XII.

For, fure, a Blessing he perceives
 Beyond Description's Joy :
 See! at his Word, the *Dying* lives—
 While oft, to *Innocence*, he gives
 What *Passion* wou'd destroy.

XIII.

Yet, when to smite the *guilty* Bands
 (Compell'd the *Sword* to draw)
 Ev'n-handed Justice *ling'ring* stands;
 Let him, like *Heav'n*, in just Commands,
 Still *Mercy* blend with *Law*.

XIV.

XIV.

But, hark! the *Trumpet's* eager Sound

Each *Harbinger* has rous'd:

Heav'n's last, best Gift! my latest, found!

(Where, new Delight---fresh Joys abound)

My Fairest! my Espous'd!

XV.

Awake! and, with the (earliest) Morn,

Let us our Homage pay!

Come! and with all that cou'd adorn;

Or bless the *First* of, Women, born;

Give *Beauty* to the *Day!*

XVI.

XVI.

Awake! and let us *share* the Woe
 Annex'd to Crowns *on Earth!*
 For as we bear our Minds *below,*
 So shall just Heav'n a *Crown* bestow,
 Unfading as *thy Worth.*

F I N I S.

[11]

THE

Woolen and Cotton Goods

Wholesale and Retail

For as we have our minds fixed

on the best and most

Unfading and

THE

FINISH

THE

THE

THE